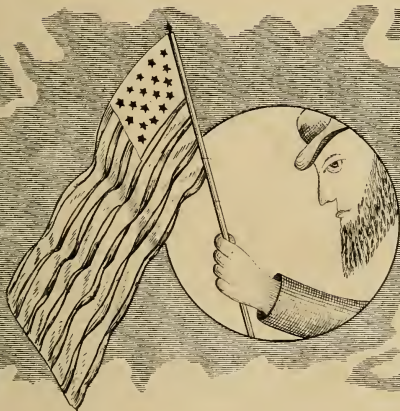


2964
747
py 1

Bread Crumbs.



((BY))

((MRS A. SWAYNE.))

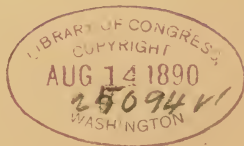
© COPYRIGHT 1890 BY MRS A. SWAYNE. ©

LITH. HOBE & GREENWALD, JR. 73 PARK ROW, N.Y.

BREAD CRUMBS.

• BY •

MRS. AMELIA SWAYNE.



PRESS OF RAFF & CO.
539 and 541 Eighth Avenue, Cor. 37th Street,
NEW YORK

P52964
S747

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY MRS. AMELIA SWAYNE.

INDEX.

	PAGE
The Man in the Moon—A Vision,	5
My Commission,	9
A Song from Paradise,	10
Mary's Message,	11
A Voice in the Wilderness,	11
The Burning Bush,	12
The New Wine,	16
Come Home,	18
The Untold Story,	19
Resurrection,	19
His Dream,	22
Language Without Words,	25
The Wanderer,	26
A Mustard Seed,	27
The Pharisees,	27
Whispers,	28
Eddie's Song,	30
Communion of Saints,	31
Glory to the Lamb,	31



BREAD CRUMBS.

THE MAN IN THE MOON—A VISION.

I'm the man in the moon, and have stepped
aside
To show to the world my future bride ;
From pole to pole she's waved her stars,
And won great battles for good old Mars.
Hand in hand we're clamb the hills tae-
gether,
Ne'er losing sight of ain an either,
In the breeze she's danced to the songs of
the night,
And never known sleep till broad daylight ;
We've reached the summit of everlasting
hills,
And here shall remain till God fulfills.
The north wind is coming with fearful
strides,
Thus we're sent to govern the tides ;
No horses nor chariots must now be used,

Freedom was given when the colt was
loosed.

'Twas then the *stars* began their morning
song,

And Israel's God sent *stripes* to help along.

Thus I take her hand in mine,

Looking heavenward for the promised sign:

When the moon shall be turned to blood,

And the seas rolled back to Noah's flood.

The earth shall soon begin to reel,

And heaven sent forth her last appeal.

Behold the weaving of earthly clouds

All 'round the dead — Satan holds the
shrouds ;

Behold the eagle, her wings all snowy
white,

Prepared to catch the stars as they fall to-
night.

Orion's troops have gathered up their feet

To bring to earth their master's meat.

Every star in Heaven is being stirred

To light the way for Columbia's bird ;

Nearer and nearer the clouds she waves her
wings,

Hearing from thence unspeakable things.

The distance so great, yet the sounds so
near,

As the mystic words fall soft upon the ear.

“The gentile world must now keep still,

“For God will soon His word fulfill;

“The fulness they have felt so long

“The Jews will soon pour forth in song.”

Look not back till you’ve reached the spot

Where the message came to righteous Lot,

Then spread your wings o’er hills and dale,

Rebuke the winds where’er you see a
trembling sail.

Beneath the ponderous weight of seas

The dead begin to rise upon their knees;

Sun, moon and stars are given power

To draw them hence in the darkest hour.

They hear the voice of Jesus say, You’re
not alone,

I send the earthquake to roll away the
stone,

That you may join your soul with mine

When I decent with you to dine.

Take up your beds of gold and silver ware,

Shulamite return, and with your brother
share

The treasures which cost so much to win,

In your travel thro’ the deep, Jonah’s cry
within.

Whose treasures are for the golden age,

When Satan breathes his last upon the
stage,
When God shall a second time stretch forth
His hand
To secure His gold, for which He sent His
band.
One by one they sank and found their
place,
One by one they'll answer when He calls His
race:
"Lord, I'm here, reach thither Thy hand
in time"
To help me with this sea girt rhyme,
That I may restore this heap of gems to
hand,
The ships of Tarshish left at Thy command.
I marvel not Thy streets are paved with
gold,
That prophets walked thro' pearly gates of
old.
'Tis easy here to wear a coral wreath,
To keep bold Peter's sword in golden
sheath;
'Tis easy here to wear a jeweled crown,
Just like the one the wise men saw come
down.
Mystic songs oft thro' the waters steal,

And golden harps are heard at every meal ;
 And when the Lord shall come his boat to
 bale,

“The golden dipper stands already in the
 pail.”

MY COMMISSION.

“The clothes which I gave you in the
 battle,”

No more shall you wear,
 For the trumpet has sounded,
 The corners are rounded,
 Then take up your knapsack,
 Go forth to the cities.

“The words I shall give you must be spoken”

As you hand in the token ;
 In valleys so fruitful,
 Where the lost are the youthful,
 Then take up your knapsack,
 Go forth to the cities.

“Lo ! Behold ! I have told you in the
 token !”

Hid away is your mission,
 Then speak with doves eyes ;
 As a serpent, be wise,

Then take up your knapsack,
Go forth to the cities.

The Lord is your Shepherd, you shall not
want,
On the plains where we'll meet,
Through the valleys we'll walk,
On the mountains we'll talk,
Then take up your knapsack,
Go forth to the cities.



A SONG FROM PARADISE.

A little bird from Paradise
Flew in my heart to make me wise.
When all the rest went fast asleep,
He sang a song which made me weep.

He came to restore that which was lost
Through the fall of Adam, away in the past,
That we might not look to man any more,
But trust in the Lord for basket and store.

Begotten of God, borne on angel's wings
Are *all* the songs this little bird sings.
You had better be still till he gets through,
For the love in the song is all for you.

MARY'S MESSAGE.

Spread the Gospel far and near!
Spread it now without a fear!
Buckle on your sword for Heaven!
Unto *you* the secret's given,
Bid them enter the Shepherd's fold ;
'Tis there they'll hear the Gospel told,
'Tis there they'll find the men of war
Telling the truth by the light of the star.
Oh ! how dark was Herod's line
When the men of the East received the sign.
Tis dancing now on the morning tide ;
Come out on the waters and join the bride!

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

John the Baptist lit a fire at Israel's feet
With fan in hand the blaze was sent thro'
every street.
All Jordan heard the music of his voice,
Passed on to Jordan and made their choice;
Thro' fire and water the work was done,
When heaven was opened to reveal the Son.

Oh glorious day we see the just in sight
 The very owls are asking, where's our night?
 One heaven-born day now intercedes
 To scatter our night of evil deeds.
 Gabriel's trumpet sounds at last,
 Beware ye proud, beware the blast,
 'Twill sweep you through the gates of hell,
 From whence you'll never return to tell.
 Listen ye that have ears to hear,
 Listen to Gabriel's notes so near,
 'Twill take but one to sweep the earth,
 The next will bring the Jews their birth.
 The Gentile horns can then be used
 To plough the ground so long abused,
 No place as yet prepared for seed
 That sinners might draw near and feed,
 No fear before their eyes, no certain sound
 To guide the lost o'er Gospel ground.



THE BURNING BUSH.

While snow and northern winds without are
 waging war
 I sit, watching, within a wondrous star.
 Oh wonderful star ! thou star of the East,
 How camest thou here, to a northern feast ?

Messopotamia's shore, was brighter, when
 Thy glory there fell on dying men.
 So the wilderness here has its time
 To blossom as the rose in any clime,
 And the solitary be made glad
 O'er the fatted calf our father's had.
 Not yet Bethlehem's feast begins,
 Not till the silver trumpet rings
 On either side the St. Lawrence shore
 Where blessings without strife God shall
 pour.

O'er hill and dale, the message will be sent,
 To the faithful the power is lent,
 That each may know the mystic voice
 Which speaks to all as one, His choice.
 The chosen few will surely speak
 The words of Jesus whom ye seek,
 Each a word of holy fire,
 The very echo of Moses' golden lyre,
 As he stood still in his lot
 In awful wonder at the spot,
 And answered to the solemn call,
 For God to him was all in all;
 With never a word misunderstood
 He lost no time in doing good.
 Straightway the arm of the Lord was lent,
 And Moses to his task was bent

To deliver His people from bondage vile
 Along Egypt's coast for many a mile.
 Thus Pharoah with all his host
 Was left to die on Satan's coast.

Quickly the morning tide came in
 Teaching little children how to sing ;
 Once more the turtle dove is on the wing,
 Don't you hear the birdies sing ?
 They sing to the march of Gideon's band,
 For they know the way thro' Emanuel's
 land;
 Softly they breathe their morning song
 At every door as they pass along.

Once more the heavens shall shake the ear h
 And millions receive celestial birth ;
 The trembling time has now begun,
 For signs appear around the sun.
 Songs of the night, heard from the moon,
 Deborah awake ! make ready soon !
 A message from God reaches the wire,
 Tho' none but a few can become a buyer,
 He'd give his life to know the truth
 Which Abram taught among the youth ;
 But the wedge of gold is dearer still
 Which with Satan's help his coffers fill.

Who's this coming from the Canada side
 With garments new, in purple dyed,
 Reading the scroll by the light of the star
 To the little band in the Gideon war?
 'Tis the voice of a king, made a priest unto
 God ;

Hear ye Him ! for He speaks the word :
 Gold and silver to give have I none,
 But such as I have, receive ye every one.
 Go bury your gold along with the dead,
 And keep it there till your prayers are said.
 The message now is to the Jewish line,
 For the Gentile world have received the sign;
 They've heard a voice from heaven say,
 "peace be still,"

For God will soon His word fulfill.
 The fulness the Gentiles have felt so long,
 The Jews will soon pour forth in song ;
 And all the way from heaven above
 I've come to speak these words of love,
 Go bury your gold, no matter where,
 It may be along the Delaware.
 The song of the birds may there begin
 To drown forever your load of sin
 Celestial breezes fanning the way,
 Sinners there will be loth to stay,
 Guided by an unseen hand

They'll step aside for the Gideon band,
 Their toil and labor overdone,
 They'll ask, "is this the game our fathers
 won?"

Go bury your gold, no matter where,
 The Lord will keep it safely there,
 He's turned His eyes towards the little flocks
 Nestling round our city docks.
 He knows upon them He can depend,
 For each has been wounded in the house of
 his friend ;

The wounds are the same He has in His
 hand,

'Tis the signal now of the Gideon band.
 The Jews are baking bread for the work,
 Among the ants you'll find they lurk.
 Jesus with Moses and Elias have marked the
 day

When the bands of death shall pass away.

THE NEW WINE.

Words no longer have a certain sound
 To me ! upon this new made ground.
 Peter was the first to catch the meaning of
 His eye,

And know that shortly He must die.
 Afar off he slowly followed on
 With a tear for every step till resurrection
 morn.

From the look his Master gave
 He saw enough a world to save ;
 From a world in bondage, tho' not lost,
 He turned to meet the heavenly host.
 No words required to tell him more
 Than what he hears from Canaan's shore.
 Mary's voice in that sweet morning tide
 Is heard, while she beckons him aside
 To her what the angels have to say
 About their Lord, who went away.
 So Peter ran nearly out of breath,
 Before his face no fear of death.
 "The kingdom's come," was the cry within,
 And slackened not his pace till he entered
 in,
 Then with the angels sang, "Thy kingdom's
 come,
 All hail ! make ready the upper room,
 No longer to take the fruit of the vine,
 We'll meet in Jerusalem, and drink the new
 wine."

COME HOME.

Come home! Come home! From whence
this cry?

The Spirit's voice I've heard before,
But now that I'm about to die
It speaks to me from the other shore.
'Tis the mystic voice of the Bride
Calling, Home! Come Home! Come with
the morning tide.

The Gospel ship! See she floats!
Hark to the trumpet's thrilling notes!
All things in common and nothing to waste,
Though from church to church the Bride
must be chased.
'Tis the mystic voice of the Bride
Calling, Home! Come Home! Come with
the morning tide.

From stern to stern her deck is packed,
Her crew for aught space never lacked.
Casting their bread upon the watery crest,
To whom it returns, they're doubly blessed.
'Tis the mystic voice of the Bride
Calling, Home! Come Home! Come with
the morning tide.

THE UNTOLD STORY.

Hark ! there's mourning in Zion
And bleatings all round the sheep fold,
Sucklings forgotten by all save the Lord.
No Canaan for mothers, the story's untold.

Yes ! there's weeping in Zion
For the story's untold.

Hark ! there's mourning in Zion,
The children of Rachel are not ;
Blindly she weeps o'er their ashes,
Unseen is the beauty of each in his lot.

Lord, wherefore this mourning in Zion ?
"My shepherds have lost every crumb,"
Saith the Lord, my table supplied
To feed the hungry and all who may come.

Soon the sons of Rachel in Zion
Together shall sing o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Then notes shall respond in the morning
And roll back forever, this song unto me.

RESURRECTION.

As Mary stood without she wept,
And stooping down to see how the angel kept

The place where resurrection first began,
 She talks awhile within 'ere she turns and
 sees a man.

“Why weepest thou?” the angels say;

“I want my Lord, O tell me, pray.”

From whence this music of the skies?

Can it reach the ears of man, and he be wise?

I want my Lord, O tell me, pray,

Was it for this the stone was rolled away,

That I might sit and walk with Him in
 white,

Making every spot as pure and bright?

The angel of His presence fills the place,

Callest thou this the end of mortal race?

O glorious, blessed, peaceful end!

Tho' left without an earthly bosom friend,

I want my Lord! O tell me why

This angel band has gathered nigh?

Sharon's rose must have entered in,

And burst the bands of inbred sin.

Tongues of angels sing, “Weep no more,

Our Lilly of the Valley has swept the floor.”

An angel points to the cap that Abram wore,

And the linen clothes God kept in store,

Saying, “Thro' all the ages from Abram
 down

These were kept that you might wear a
 crown.”

From the first command nigh to the tenth
 On Sinai's mount faith gathered strength
 To travel thro' that wondrous cloud
 From which God speaks to all so loud,
 The chosen vessels of Abram's seed
 Jehovah used the rest to feed.
 When He placed His foot on Horeb's rock,
 No thisty lamb was left among the flock.
 They drank, on rushed the mighty tide;
 'Tis Christ, they cried, and looked for none
 beside.
 Their simple faith at once took hold,
 At every test they grew more bold.
 How great that faith which lit their eyes
 To see His standing army in the skies!
 O mysterious fire, shut up in Elisha's bone,
 Quickly it kindled and on the dead man
 shone ;
 The Lord came down the sepulchre to greet,
 And the man revived and stood upon his,
 feet.
 Mysterious the sign when the fleece of wool
 was seen
 In Gideon's loom to prove the linen must
 be clean.
 From under the oak He called the least to
 do His will ;

He saw the wool was white, yet sent the dew
to make it whiter still.

Thus commenced the weaving, faith in every
thread,

But why seek ye here the living among the
dead ?

Marvel not that He has risen, now in power,
Our Lily of the Valley bids you drink from
every flower.

Risen indeed ! help me, Lord, to see Thee
now;

Surely I feel Thy breath upon my brow.

'Tis no gardener, but Christ Himself Thou
art ;

See, I am Mary, in spirit never more to part.
Remember me, dear Lord, when Thou dost
ascend,

That my faith fail not ; upon Thee I do de-
pend

For power to tell the brethren, this I know
That Thou art He who shall come and go,
That when they reach the shores of Galilee
Thou wilt be There to set them free.

HIS DREAM.

I dreamed I saw a maiden fair
Adown whose cheek her dark brown hair

Hung in wavy tresses there,
Beautiful to behold.

The day was fading into night,
The sun had sunken out of sight,
And his long lingering rays of light
Fringed the clouds with gold.

When the sun's last rays had gone
Amazed I stood and gazed upon
That maid, looking like an Amazon
Of Old.

Her flowing robes where snowy white,
Her jet-black eyes as fair and bright,
As a glittering star at night
When the air is clear and cold.

In each white and shapely hand
She held two doves. At her command
They winged their flight above the land
Fearlessly and bold.

The doves growing weary in their flight,
Sought a place upon which to alight,
They rested on a cloud all white,
Their tired wings to fold.

And while the birdies pant for breath,
The maiden stands as mute as death,

Surveying from the cloud beneath,
She saw the world.

At the revolting sight, she stood aghast !
Dens of infamy in full blast,
Jails and prisons filling fast,—
Satan's banner's all unfurled.

Lifting her eyes heavenward, she breathed
a prayer,
Purer than the still night air,
Saviour, let these weak ones be thy care,
Call them to thy fold.

Lo ! a voice comes floating on the breeze,
Like a summer's wind sighing through the
trees,
Linda ! Linda ! then dropping on her knees,
The maid was told.

This be thy mission here below,
Through all the prisons thou shalt go,
And tell to them the story. But Oh !
Let it be sweetly told.

A place for them I shall prepare
In my father's mansion in the air,
Far, far away in that city fair,
Whose streets are paved with gold.

LANGUAGE WITHOUT WORDS.

I have seen in his eye
A light the stars might claim
As he turned around to catch
The sound of Jesus' name.
Then as one without a hope,
Oh, why should I weep?
The hand writing's on the wall,
Jesus knows His sheep.

I have heard him sigh
For the home of the soul
While he listened for thunder
From heaven to roll,
But the powers of darkness
Hindered my prayer;
He knew not where to begin,
His soul cried, where?

He's joined to the Bridegroom,
Tho' weary in his walk.
I listen for his footsteps,
And know he soon will talk;
O what will he say
From the midst of the blaze?
For the Son of Man is coming
The dead to raise.

I've known when he felt
 The Spirit's silent power
 Breaking through the darkness
 To catch him for an hour,
 Then why should I weep?
 I'll weep no more,
 For our Lily of the Valley
 Has swept the floor.

THE WANDERER.

News from afar! Where the raven builds its
 nest,
 A weary child is fed and finds his rest.
 No mother's love is there with its gentle
 touch,
 The ground is cold and hard; it always is
 for such
 Who leave a mother's home and tender care
 To wander far away—they know not where.
 No water lily nigh to hang its head,
 Hush! the Lily-of-the-valley's there instead,
 To bring His own on the morning tide
 This wandering boy from the mountain side.
 No mother can take the Sheperd's place
 When from the desert He brings His chosen
 race.

A MUSTARD SEED.

I've found the tracks across the sea
Which never a cloud can hide from me.
Although great darkness covers the deep,
The stars will gather before I sleep.
There's a sunny side to every hill,
There's a power to remove great *mountains*
 still,
There's a love which casts out *every* fear,
And takes in faith when heaven is near.

THE PHARISEES.

Distance hinders not the mighty tide,
Our Father now sends far and wide,
How great in heaven that power must be,
Piercing the clouds when none can see.
The height and depth of that wondrous
 well,
No observation here can help us tell.
Softly the breezes come and go
Which only those in the spirit know.
No midnight cry can e'er break through
This hallowed ground, if we be true ;
No sorrow can take the place of joy,

When Satan's bound, the work he can't de-
 stroy;
 When bound in heaven, he's bound on earth,
 For workers now receive celestial birth.
 Where'er our Father sends His bride
 Satan and his angels step aside.
 To us the sign is given which none can know
 Save he who receives for his work below.
 We would, if we could, give the token
 Which the Lord Himself hath spoken.
 Because of the Scribe's and Pharisee's leaven
 The mystery still is kept in heaven.
 Woes for them grow louder and louder,
 They hear no voice except the thunder.



WHISPERS.

Since within Thine heart I find a chosen
 spot,
 Help me, dear Lord, to bear my lot;
 Grant that I may mercy unto others show,
 Which Thou hath vouchsafed to all below,
 And sometime hence my little Nell
 Will talk with grandma at the well.
 Hush! I see her stepping softly 'round her
 grave,

With flowers, long ago the seed I saw her
save;

To me no rose e'er looked half so sweet
As this which grows at mother's feet.

In many climes I've seen flowers in May,
But this alone can turn my night to day:
"'Tis the Rose of Sharon," moving my
heart

To turn from death to life and take a part;
But gentler hands than mine must touch,
And place this round her face—she loved
much.

Not many summer breezes here e'er fanned
her cheek,

Yet heaven opened 'ere her youngest boy
could speak

In time to light the widow's pathway all
along,

Where none can fail to learn redemption
song.

Celestial breezes came, with flowers rich and
rare,

One by one, thus fitting up her mansion
over there.

Angels came while yet 'twas cold and dark,
To cheer her life with song and golden
harp,

That she might touch each string, and
know
Her Shepherd's voice--when and where to
go.
Watching and waiting, sweet sounds from
afar,
That all was well near Bethlehem's star.

EDDIE'S SONG.

Oh ! here's a song they wrote up in heaven,
On Christmas morn' to you 'twas given,
An angel came down, and Jesus was crowned,
A wee little babe in a manger found.
The shepherds were watching their flocks
by night
When the angel came down and gave them
a fright,
" Fear not," said he, "'tis joy we bring,
Then leave your flocks and help us sing;
And this is the sign, in swaddling clothes
The babe shall begin to bloom as the rose."
We're marching on to the harvest moon,
And the heavenly host have set the tune
Of glory and peace, good will toward men.
You'll hear them sing it again and again.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

O I think I see the angels
 As they gather 'round the throne,
 Sitting peaceful by the river
 Telling how they came alone.
 Hark ! I hear the voices mingle,
 All at home, with one accord.
 On that river not a ripple,
 For they've met to praise the Lord ;
 Joining hands in holy order,
 Sweet communion in each soul,
 With confidence in one another
 They tell how Jesus made them whole.
 Naught can none put asunder
 What God has joined together.
 Ye men of Galilee, why do ye wonder ?
 THE CHRIST in us abides forever.

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

Behold a Lamb stands still
 On Zion's Mount, how fair
 The foreheads which receive
 The name that's written there,

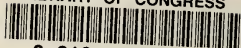
I heard a voice from heaven,
From the harps of gold it came,
Saying: The virgins were receiving
Their Father's written name.

While sounds of thunder wake the dead,
The Angels sound their notes abroad,
Telling how they followed the Lamb
In songs made new through Jesus' blood.

No man, except the number given,
Can find the key which opens heaven ;
Without the keynote none can sing
That bridal song the angels bring.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 256 121 2